

(SEE 2ND PAGE.)

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

(SEE 2ND PAGE.)

This Copy of "ALLY SLOPER" carries with it the advantages of a Railway Accident Life Policy for £150.

ally sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. V.—No. 233.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]



OPENING OF THE SLOPER EXHIBITION.

"Never since the days of the Exhibition of 1851 has there been witnessed such a scene of gorgeousness, and such an assembly of celebrities, as were brought together at the Royal Aquarium last Saturday, at the opening of 'Ally Slopers' International Exhibition.' To describe the contents of the Show would take a lifetime. When Papa, with a majestic wave of his hand, uttered the words, 'I declare this Exhibition open,' and the band played 'We're all on the job,' thunders of applause burst forth on all sides. I shall be at the Exhibition day and night for a long time, so come and see me."—TOOTSIE.

SOME FENCY SKETCHES.

"Fencing is becoming exceedingly fashionable in England."—Daily Paper.



1. The ladies are especially infatuated with the new fad, and it is expected bloodthirsty duels will be very fashionable among them.



2. Young England is also taking a conspicuous part in the noble sport, and can often be seen trying the temper of his steel, as well as that of old England.



3. Young ladies' hands are to be won at the point of the sword. Rival suitors are expected to assert their respective claims on the battlefield.

A SCHOOLBOY TRIED FOR MURDER.

AT the October Sessions of the Old Bailey, 1743, Master William Chetwynd, aged fifteen, and described as "a schoolboy of the celebrated Academy, of Soho Square," was tried for the murder of his schoolfellow, Thomas Rickets.

Master Chetwynd, it appeared, had had a cake sent to him by his friends, and Master Rickets asked for a piece. Master Chetwynd gave him one, which having eaten, he asked for another. This Master Chetwynd refused to give to him, and cutting off a piece for himself, imprudently left it within Master Rickets's reach, whilst he went to lock up the rest of the cake for his own particular private consumption. In the meanwhile, Master Rickets took the piece of cake that had been left out, and when Master Chetwynd returned and demanded it, he refused to deliver, thereupon a dispute arose, and Master Chetwynd, having the knife still in his hand, stabbed Master Rickets in the stomach. Hannah, the housemaid, coming into the room a moment later, found the young man in great pain, and turning toward the other, said, "You have done very ill." "If I have hurt him I am sorry for it," said the boy, and terrified at what he had done, he fled from the house.

Three days later Rickets died, and on hearing of his death, Chetwynd gave himself up to a magistrate.

The case was left to the decision of twelve judges, and the arguments were to this effect: They said that the act could not amount to murder, which was defined as "an unlawful

killing with malice aforethought." In this case there was no malice, as the young gentlemen were friends, not only at the time, but to the close of Ricketts' life, when he declared that he forgave the other. "Shall the young boy at the bar," asked the prisoner's counsel, "who was doing a lawful act, be said to be guilty of murder?" He was rescuing what was his own. He had a right to keep his cake, and the other had no right to take it, and he had a right to retake it. There are cases which make a difference between murder and manslaughter. If a man takes up a bar of iron and throws it at another, it is murder, and the difference in the crime lies between the person's taking it up and having it in his hand. Chetwynd had the knife in his hand, and, upon that, provocation ensues, for he did not take the knife up; if he had, it would have shown an intention to do mischief. It may be doubted, whether or not, when he had the knife in his hand for a lawful purpose in the instant he struck the other, he considered he had the knife in his hand, for if, in his passion, he intended to strike with his hand, and struck with the knife, not thinking it was in his hand, it is not a striking with the knife. In the end the unfortunate lad was found guilty of manslaughter only, and after having been burnt in the hand, set at liberty.

It may be supposed that Chetwynd's friends bribed the mercenary executioner to use as cool an iron as he decently could, but maiming and mutilation was often carried out with horrible atrocity. The loss of the right hand continued to be the punishment for murder and bloodshed, if committed within the limits of a royal residence, till the end of the sixteenth century, with the most elaborately cruel ceremonies—the sergeant of the wood-yard, the master cook with the knife, the sergeant of the poultry, the sergeant farrier, who heated the searing irons, to be applied by the chief surgeon, the groom of the sackery, the sergeant of the ewry, and the yeoman of the chandlery, with vinegar basin and cloths. "After," we read, "the hand had been struck off and the stump seared, the sergeant of the pantry offered bread, and the sergeant of the cellar a pot of wine, of which the sufferer was to partake with what appetite he might."

"Moses," murmured Alexandry, "what an afternoon! But about that cake—what was done, I wonder, with what was left of it, locked up in the boy's box?"

"The schoolmaster wolfed it up, perhaps," said William, "or, if it was brought into court, perhaps the judge had it with a glass of sherry wine for lunch."

(Next week, "Hung in Chains.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or sketches to be returned should enclose stamps for that purpose.

WILLIAM J. CULLEY (Newry).—Thank you, William, dear boy. Thanks, muchly. The whisky was sampled by the Eminent, who, after finishing the whole bottle, was heard to declare that "Harry Thompson jolly good make-rash whisky; Will'm Culley also jolly goodish (hic) feller-rash. Fac, both besh (hic) feller-rash ever know-rash." Then he started singing, "We won't go home till morning," till a cab was called, and amid the tears of a sympathetic staff, the inanimate body of the Grand Old Man—er—see mean Ben-factor—was conveyed silently home.—T. J. STANMORE (Upper Norwood).—Go and instruct your grandmother in the science of egg-sucking.—T. FARNDAL (Peckham).—No, it is against the rules, so don't go for to do it no more.—T. H. HENDLE (Cross Street, Manchester).—No, you will not find "Over goes the show" included amongst Watts' hymns, but if you will go to any music shop you will get what you require.—G. H.—Your letter has been forwarded.—FASH.—Send on two stamps, and your sketches will be returned.—MILDRED VANE (Chester).—Yes, Mildred, your advertisement shall be inserted if you like to send it up.—FRANK SIDCUP (Windsor Road, Holloway).—All right; don't, then.—THOMAS G. FAIRCHILD (Princes Park, Liverpool).—No, it is not allowable.—F. TURBERVILLE.—Oh, yes! if you only wait patiently you will be sure to get a Watch.—EDWARD BOX (46 Marlborough Street, Bristol).—Sorry we have no space to publish particulars of your invention.—W. H. B.—Every week.—T. G. GROUNDS (9 Church Street, Warrington).—No, you are doing wrong.—J. CROOKE (11 Commercial Street, London).—Thanks for "tobacco-box." All "Relics" are acceptable.—T. H. HANDY (Lincoln).—The "Sloper Waltz" is no longer obtainable.—PERSEVERANCE.—Sketch is not up to the "HALF-HOLIDAY" mark, though it is fairish in its way. Try again, dear chappie.—C. E. SHORT (Sandal, Wakefield).—No space to spare.—ALICE HURDELL (13 Alma Road, N.).—Your friend was right.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* The List will close SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20TH, 1888.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"Mum's the word, you know!" whispered old Fushy to his friend old Brown. "I shouldn't say anything of what I've just told you to your son; new tubs leak, you know!" "Humph! So do old cisterns!" murmured young Brown.

"I've made a resolution that I'll only smoke three pipes a day for the future," said Jones. "Why is that resolution like a crying baby at the theatre?" asked Smith. "Give it up," said Jones. "Because it wants carrying out," remarked Smith.

"I say, 'Arriet," chihiked 'Arry, "I'm a-goin' to write up to the 'Art'-O'lday for one of them prizes. 'Ow do you spell the blessed thing, with a haith or a hoe?"

"WHAT's that?" growled old Grumbleby; "another centenarian? Bless my soul! I can't imagine how people can afford to live so long. I'm only sixty, and what with three flyaway daughters, an extravagant wife, and rates and taxes, I'm nearly ruined already."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 233.—The "Swan-ny River" Costume.



Watts-his-name discovering the power of steam.



Who would not kiss the pretty lips Of this gay miss, as on she trins?



HE KNEW BY EXPERIENCE. I want my mane combed, and the ends trimmed. "Cert'nly, sir! That's my wife's department, and she is a first-rate hand at it."



FAT AND LEAN.



ALLY'S NIGHTMARE.—Extraordinary conduct of the Eminent's pillow the other night after a visit of the Family to one of the theatres in state. [Oh! that "Unsweetened"! that "Unsweetened"!]

MR. PENNECKER's eldest daughter and her cousin John had a dispute, the other day, which gradually grew more and more acrimonious, until poor P. observed, "For goodness sake, young people, don't quarrel like that! If any strangers were present they would think you were man and wife."

THEY had been tasting some very strong brandied port, and the wine merchant observed, "That would be a very good wine to lay down." "Yes," agreed the Hon. Billy; "to lay down the man who drank much of it."

THE McNab treated the Family to a fantasia upon the bagpipes, and, when he had concluded, he looked round with honest pride, and remarked, "Eh, mon, but that's verra difficult!" "Is it?" said the O'Flaherty. "Be jabbers, Oi wish it had been impossible!"

"AND pray how are you?" one day I asked a friend With fat punch, bright eye, and rosy gill. "Badly, badly," he replied. "I cannot mend. Don't you think I'm looking very ill?"

Now this ugly fellow really suffered nil— He was but too fond of good cooking. I answered, "If I can't say you're looking ill, You're certainly very ill-looking."

THOUGH some fashionable young ladies can write an ode, yet, as they do not care about the trouble of keeping accounts, they do not know how much is owed, and as they care less, their accounts are very seldom written paid.

"If you please, doctor," said an elderly spinster, "I've got a sore place." "Where is it, madam?" asked the doctor. "I—I don't like to say," replied the elderly spinster, smirking. "But, my dear madam, I must know where it is before I can do anything for it." "It's—er—er—just above—er—er—the wrist of the left foot, doctor," murmured the elderly spinster, concealing her face in her handkerchief.

In the pit at Drury Lane.

He (inclined to be serious). What we really want to do, you know, is to elevate the stage.

She. Wouldn't it do as well to lower the pit?

ALLY SLOPER compares flirting to a bout with singlesticks. You commence all in fun, and it is all very jolly, but you may happen to get an unlucky touch on a tender place, you lose your self-possession, get warm, and in a moment the game turns from fun to earnest.

THE Dook Snook informs us that in the whole course of his experience, extending over a number of years, he never came across a wealthy clergyman who preached upon the vanity of riches.

A SILLY young fellow One night 'gan to bellow 'Neath the window of some pretty girl, "I have money galore, And I've dresses a score, And bracelets of diamond and pearl."

Now I've been young myself, Though I had not much pelf, Yet I always found love-making nice, So I thought I'd take pity On his simplicity, And I gave him this piece of advice: "Now do not be stupid, For little god Cupid, Loves one to be merry and witty; So remember one thing, If you will try to sing, Avoid, if you can, Cupid-ditty."

"Do you know Professor Fiddlestrings?" inquired Robinson. "Oh dear, yes!" said Munkorson; "I've played with him hundreds of times." "Really!" exclaimed Robinson; "I didn't know you were a musician." "Well, no—no more I am, but—I was at school with him, you see, and we used to play cricket together."

No man has any idea of the force and power of speech possessed by even the mildest-tempered woman in the world, until he accidentally calls his second wife by his first wife's name.

Smith. I was reading the other day about an ostrich race. Brown. Really! Then I suppose they would be ridden by feather-weights.

"YAS, yer know, I was very ill indeed when I was a little one, and the only thing that saved me was drinking ass's milk," said Simpleton. "Ah! yes, I can quite understand that, for, of course, that would be like mother's milk to you, wouldn't it?" said his friend.

"WE will have tea, Bridget, if you please, and we will have a couple of slices of bacon with the tea," said a mistress to her new Irish servant. Interval, at the termination of which Bridget brings in the tea tray. "Where is the bacon, Bridget?" asked the mistress. "In the tappot, mum! Yer said ye'd have it with the tav, so I put it inter the pot; but I don't know how it will taste at all, at all."

A BACHELOR asked me the difference, Which thus I began to unfold: "A bride is commonly given away, A bridegroom usually sold."

It is strange how frequently extremes meet. For instance, the Red Indian paints his face to make himself hideous and repulsive and to carry out the arts of war, while the Society belle paints her face to make herself pretty and attractive, and to carry out the arts of peace!

SHE had auburn hair, and he wanted to say something very cutting, so he observed, "In some parts of Scotland I believe they light the streets with red-headed girls." "Humph! that never would do in your town," answered the girl. "Why not?" asked the young fellow. "Why, you'd be hugging the lamp-posts all day, as well as half the night," was the crushing reply.

"WHAT do you consider, Mr. SLOPER," inquired Tottie Good-enough, a few evenings ago, "is the best method of testing a lover?" "Well, my dear, it is a troublesome thing to do," answered ALLY, "for the best way to test him is to pretend that you don't care a pinch of snuff for him; then, if he sticks to you in spite of your snubbing, it proves he loves you, but it also proves him to be a fool, whom it would be a mistake to marry."

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture offered to the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is a large oil painting by W. B. WOLLEY, measuring 6ft. 6in. x 5ft. 6in. in a handsome gold frame, representing the Storming of the Motte Mahal, Lucknow, and the

HEROIC DEED OF CAPTAIN (NOW VISCOUNT) WOLSELEY.

All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement enclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant, any time before December 31st.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* This Picture will shortly be on View.

TOOTSIE AT THE "PROMS."

"No one passing, or past, the first feverish flush of youth," says that wreck and remnant of long-ago jinks and jollities, his Grace of Snook. "could take pen in hand to write of promenade concerts, without the recollection of the one and only Jullien rising before his eyes, even as he was in the life, with his ringlets and rings, and overpowering display of snow-white linen. It was the fashion in those days to suppose that the big majority of foreigners went shirtless, but this could not be said of Jullien—at any rate, when on duty of an evening. I was at his first *Bal Masque*, on the night of the 4th of March forty-four years ago, and danced

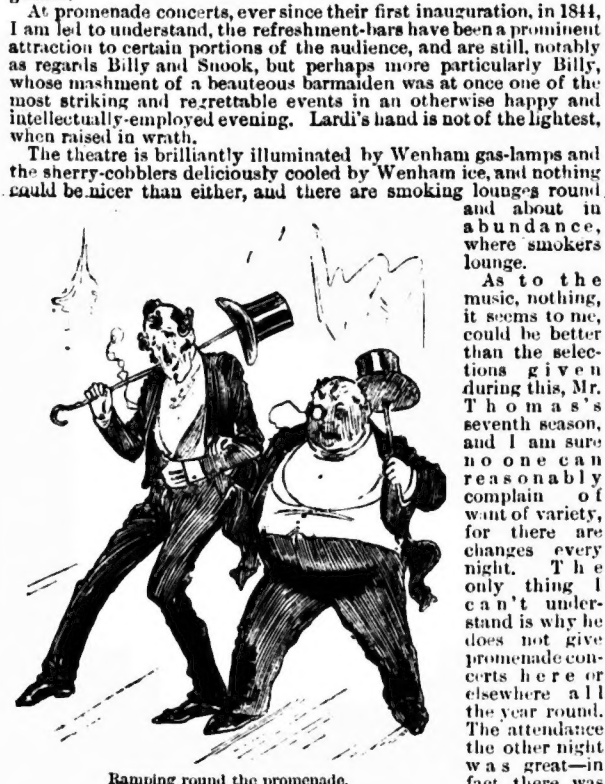
with a *Débardeuse* in velvet trousers." And the last of the Snooks chuckles muchly, and digs Billy in the waistcoat with a bony forefinger. What a wild, bad man that Snook must have been, once on a time!

It was the fashion also in those days to laugh at Jullien and his music, and to twit him with having been, in earlier days, a waiter at a cheap restaurant; but so was Garibaldi, was he not? He was, to all accounts, a sort of Napoleon, this Jullien, the chief of a musical battalion one hundred and nine strong, and there was a thrilling pause of breathless silence when, having taken his stand, he glanced around with majestic dignity, slowly grasped his *bâton*, and suddenly, with a graceful flourish of the same, drew forth from his trusty band, as though by magic, one tremendous crash of harmony. He lost a pile of money at Drury Lane, a little later on, when *Monte Cristo* was played in French by a company brought over to England under the auspices of Alexandre Dumas, and who were driven away by the unmanly uproars organized by a handful of jealous third-rate actors and their hangers-on, joined to the usual crowd of rowdies ever ready at any place of amusement for a row. Freeman Thomas, who is a great friend of mine, tells me he can't always help a little bit of the same sort of horse-play going on even at the ably-conducted Covent Garden concerts of to-day. Mr. Thomas is an extremely nice man, and we always get on capitally, but there is no earthly reason why that absurd Bob need be jealous, and make a ridiculous exhibition of himself; and the same remark may be equally well applied in the cases where Walter Gooch and Gwylm Crowe and I have been engaged in pleasant discourse—for instance, respecting Shakespeare and the musical glasses.

At promenade concerts, ever since their first inauguration, in 1844, I am led to understand, the refreshment-bars have been a prominent attraction to certain portions of the audience, and are still, notably as regards Billy and Snook, but perhaps more particularly Billy, whose mashing of a beautiful barmaid was at once one of the most striking and regrettable events in an otherwise happy and intellectually-employed evening. Lardi's hand is not of the lightest, when raised in wrath.

The theatre is brilliantly illuminated by Wenham gas-lamps and the sherry-cobblers deliciously cooled by Wenham ice, and nothing could be nicer than either, and there are smoking lounges round and about in abundance, where smokers lounge.

As to the music, nothing, it seems to me, could be better than the selections given during this, Mr. Thomas's seventh season, and I am sure no one can reasonably complain of want of variety, for there are changes every night. The only thing I can't understand is why he does not give promenade concerts here or elsewhere all the year round. The attendance the other night was great—in fact, there was scarcely a room to move in the promenade, and Billy and the Dook later on said they could not even stand, but this was, perhaps, more owing to Bovril or B. and S.s various—indeed, very much various. And how ill they were next day—ha, ha!—how wretchedly ill! And how—ha, ha!—they suffered!



Billy and the barmaid.

Ramping round the promenade.

TWENTY SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK

To Purchasers of ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:— THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," October 13th, 1888.

Name.....
Address.....
Age.....
Occupation, if any.....
How many times applied.....
How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday".....

The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, October 17th, 1888. The Result of the Competition of October 6th, 1888, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for October 20th, 1888.

114th WEEK. RESULT OF SEPTEMBER 29th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded

"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. L. C. PARSELL, Engineer, 13 Bryanston Square. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—2 years, 5 months. LONDON.
2. JOHN VARRALL, Printer, 85 Rotherfield Street, Essex Road, Islington. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—3 years, 1 week. LONDON.
3. FRED W. TAYLOR, Engineer, 18 Blackmore Street, Drury Lane. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—4 years. LONDON.
4. W. A. CLEWS, Grocer's Assistant, Fir Tree House. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—over 2 years. BLOXWICH.
5. LIZZIE HAGYARD, Park Farm. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—7 months, 3 weeks. LONDESBOUROUGH.
6. JAMES CROOKS, Collier, 25 Clayton Street. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—over 2 years. SKELMERSDALE.
7. JOHN HATTEN, Inland Revenue Officer, Inland Revenue. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—2 years. WOL-SINGHAM.
8. ROBERT DAINES, Signaller, G.E.R., "Bush Inn." Age, 23 years. Subscriber—since Christmas, 1886. GAXHAM.
9. JOSEPH MEE, Book-keeper, Bridge End House. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—2 years, 2 weeks. DOLGELLY.
10. WILLIAM WALKER, Timekeeper, 97 Grafton Street. Age, 34 years. Subscriber—since No. 1. HEATON.
11. ELIZABETH LEWIS, Schoolgirl, 14 Bank Buildings. Age, 13 years. Subscriber—1 year, 8 months. LLANDILO.
12. HARRIET MALLINSON, Hopton Hall Lane. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—1 year, 46 weeks. MIRFIELD.
13. ALBERT PAGE, Schoolboy, 49 Lewis Road. Age, 13 years. Subscriber—3 years, 9 months. NEWHAVEN.
14. CHARLES PEARCY, Joiner, Wimborne Road, Longfleet. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—from beginning. POOLE.
15. JOHN SAVAGE, Joiner, 44 Aberdeen Street. Age, 43 years. Subscriber—over 3 years. PRESTON.
16. Mrs. KENNEDY, Dressmaker, Astre. Age, 51 years. Subscriber—from commencement. RICHMOND (Yorks.).
17. ALFRED C. LOVETT, Clerk, 61 Brighton Street. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—since first issue. SEACOMBE.
18. WILLIAM JONES, Corporal, Royal Artillery, North Battery. Age, 44 years. Subscriber—since April. SEAHAM HARBOUR.
19. JAMES GROVES, Carman, No. 1 Rose Cottages, Chalfrey. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—3 years. SLOUGH.
20. ALBERT F. HODGES, Potman, "Monument," Church Street. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—regular from birth. WHISTABLE.

THE SUPERIOR WOMAN.

My wife's a superior woman,
And I really feel bound to declare
That a fellow must be more than human
Her whims and her fancies to bear.
I don't wish to trench upon slander—
(Just now we've concluded a truce),
But I do think that sauce for the gaudier
Should also be sauce for the goose.

But, then, she is awfully pretty,
And that's why I was such a dunce
As to woo her. I won, more's the pity,
And I've only regretted it once;
I had lawn-tennis flannels and shirt on,
I met her just opposite Caius,
And I asked, "Should I see her to Girton?"
And she answered, "Oh! yes, if you please."

It must be allowed that the thunder
Was shocking, and down came the rain,
And the poor thing was frightened—no wonder!
Greek verbs have small power to sustain.
Then I asked, "Could she trust me for ever?"
And she murmured, "She thought that she could,
For though she could not call me clever,
She was perfectly sure I was good."

Now I wish I could get a divorce!
But, then, she's so awfully clever
That she'll never give me, of course,
An excuse our connection to sever.
Take warning, young men, by my fate
(It's useless to answer, "Pooh-pooh, man!")
I assure you most wretched's his state
Who weds a superior woman.

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a definition of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

A COUNTING-HOUSE TRAGEDY.

T. W. JOHNSON was in love with a West-end actress, a regular topper, boy as he was, and hardly able to smoke a cigarette without going all manner of colours, and starting out to correct his watch by the nearest steeple clock.

So T. W. Johnson never talked much about his love, but he kept a photograph of her nailed inside the lid of his desk, and was rather proud to be caught gazing at it in an unhappy way. And he was always in debt, having regularly drawn his quarter's salary in advance to pay for the bouquets and boxes of bonbons he was always sending her. And he wrote her letters sometimes, wild, despairing letters, signed only with his initials, and he went to see her act whenever it was possible for him to get an order.

So years went by—really years—and Johnson got no better, only gloomier and gloomier, and more in debt as the time grew. Then he was threatened with dismissal. But T. W. Johnson's pretty sister came up, all in tears, and cried and implored—I was near the keyhole of the chief's office, and heard the governor say, "Well, Miss Johnson, I'll keep your brother for a little while, and see if he reforms."

"Write to the lady, ma'am," said the chief, when Miss Johnson's brother had left the room. "Tell her your brother is ruining himself through this absurd fancy of his. She'll help you, if she's good for anything at all. Why, I was sweet on her myself when I was a young fellow. She must be fifty if she's a day."

Miss Johnson went away, determined to write, and in a week from that time T. W. Johnson got a letter from Miss Lillian Mounteagle. She—Miss Mounteagle—consented to see him. She invited him to her house, an address in Bloomsbury Square, on a particular day, because she had planned a little festival in honour of a certain event, she said, and she would make that the opportunity for meeting her young admirer.

I have heard that T. W. Johnson's appearance on that day was something splendid. There was not a fellow in our office but had lent him something to put on.

He got to the house in Bloomsbury Square quite ten minutes before his time, and stood on the steps a full minute, I have heard, before he could muster courage enough to knock. A very nice maid-servant opened the door, and nodded and smiled at him in such a cheerful way, that T. W. Johnson felt quite revived. But she only said, "All the other young ladies and gentlemen have come, sir, and please you're to hang up your hat, and go upstairs."

T. W. Johnson hung it up. Then he followed the nice maid-servant up a handsome staircase, all decorated with ferns and hot-house flowers, into a splendid drawing-room, which was crowded with children and young people. And a stout, pleasant, elderly lady came forward to meet him with both hands out, and said, in a jolly way, "My dear, dear boy, how glad I am to see you!"

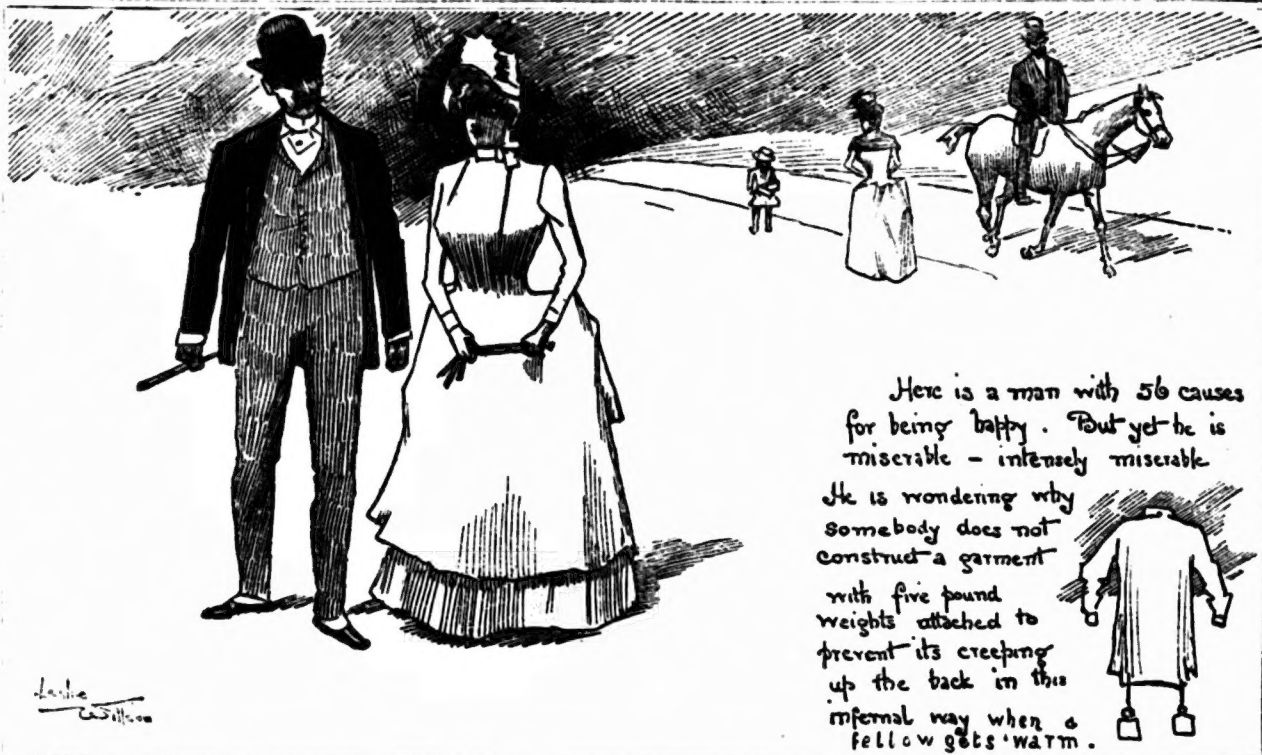
She made T. W. Johnson feel so much at home, that he plucked up courage, and said he was afraid there was some mistake—he had come to call on Miss Lillian Mounteagle.

"No mistake," said the stout, elderly lady, very pleasantly. "I am Miss Lillian Mounteagle—or, rather, that is my stage name. But in this house I am simply Mrs. Galloway. And now let me introduce you to all my boys and girls. I asked you to come to-day because I thought you would like to meet them. They are not all mine, you know—most of them are my daughters' children. And this little duck" (she caught a baby up out of somebody's lap, and kissed it)—"this is my first great-grand-child. Isn't it a beauty?"

T. W. Johnson never told us exactly how he felt at that moment, but it must have been something to remember, though he had pluck enough to hide his anguish. And he actually stayed and had tea with the children and grandchildren, and played cat's-cradle with the great-grandchild; and when the time came for going, he went and shook hands with Miss Mounteagle as if he had never written her a love-letter in his life! But he was a changed fellow when he came to the office next day, and I think that T. W. Johnson will be some time before he falls in love again.



Came forward to meet him.



LOVELINESS AND MUSIC.
If music soothes our savage mind,
As many people say,
The soothing powers we'd easier find
With loveliness to play.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 47.—THE BEAUTIFUL GERALDINE.

"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected." —The Dook Snook.
"If eyes were made for seeing, then Beauty is its own excuse for being."
"Oh, that I might seize on the white wonder of her hand, and steal immortal blessings from her lips."
—The Hon. Billy.

A TALE OF THE CESAREWITCH.



ACT I.—SCENE.—The green lanes of old England in the neighbourhood of Ball's Pond. Enter GEORGE PONSONBY. GEO. If Sunflower wins I am a ruined man. Enter SAM (aside). Ah! there's Sam (aloud). Yes, I am ruined if Sunflower wins. SAM. Master, she shall not. GEO. Sam! I knew not you were here! Tableau.



ACT II.—SCENE.—Squire Maitland's grounds. Enter MONA MAITLAND and CAPTAIN CONWROYE. MONA. Yes, Captain, in this home I am supremely happy. CAPT. C. Oh, Miss Maitland! I love you with all my soul, with all my strength (kneels). MONA. Rise, Captain Maitland, for if seen we should be observed. Captain rises. Tableau.



ACT III.—SCENE.—A library in Captain Maitland's house. SQUIRE enters (reading letter). So Snatcher and Grab will wait no longer! I am a pauper! Sol Enter CAPTAIN CONWROYE. CAPT. C. Sir, I love your daughter. SQUIRE. So would you marry the daughter of a pauper? CAPT. C. Certainly not—but why? SQUIRE. Sir, I am that pauper!



ACT IV.—The Eve of the Cesarewitch. SCENE.—Anything handy. Enter SQUIRE MAITLAND and GEORGE PONSONBY. SQUIRE. Your suit is unfortunate. My daughter is betrothed to Conwroye, and she will be a pauper bride. GEO. P. Mere trifle, Squire. I make light of the first; and as for the second, back Sunflower, and be wealthy! SQUIRE. The Captain said lay against the horse! Tableau.



ACT V.—SCENE.—The training stables. Enter GEORGE PONSONBY. GEO. P. Ha! ha! I have changed my plans. I had a difficulty in hedging, time being short, but I've managed it. Now Sunflower wins! Enter SAM (with favourite, Sunflower, and physic bottle). SAM. I've dosed her with four of those, sir, and if the mare wins—why, I'm a— GEO. P. Ass!—Fells him to the earth. Tableau.



ACT VI.—SCENE.—The Cesarewitch. The race. Derisive cheers as Sunflower cruels in several lengths behind the others. SQUIRE MAITLAND (throwing his hat in the air). Hurrah! Now Snatcher and Grab may go to the devil! Captain Conwroye, your hand. And now—ha, ha! an exchange. Take my little Mona! Bless you both! Tableau.

THE ELDER FALSELY ACCUSED.



1. The Elder was on his way to the Kirk to be present at the marriage of the Laird's Aunt's Cousin.

2. When who should accost him but two blitherin' secondrels, who said they were detectives, and wanted him for the Whitechapel murders.

3. "Murder, yer varmint," bubbled McNab, "go and wash those dirty ruggs o' yours before ye ta'k to an Elder o' the Kirk."

4. And as those two sham detectives drank they inwardly cursed the Laird, who had bribed them to try and prevent the Elder from attending his relative's wedding.

11



11



ALLY-CAMPANE.

"Is STANLEY alive? or has he met with a similar fate to Major Barttelot and Mr. Jamieson?" are questions which A. SLOPER only wishes he could give the world some information upon—information which should set the public mind at rest once and for all.



At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society the other night, it was proposed that an Expedition for the Discovery of Stanley, under the personal guidance of ALLY SLOPER, the celebrated Shoe Lane Explorer, should at once be started. It was thought that the fame of A. SLOPER having travelled into the centre of Whitechapel, he would influence the savage tribes more than any living man. The Eminent, who was deeply affected, thought so, too, and accepted the grave responsibility without a moment's hesitation, intimating that a little out on account would enable him to buy a new pair of socks and one or two other necessities before starting. He told the meeting how the savage breast would be soothed with "Un-sweetened" offerings, how the trusty Snatcher would be his sole companion, and how he felt sure that on the mighty Pyramids of the far East he would find passing allusions to his coming gift to the British Nation. In his concluding words—words that made a deep impression on all present—he said, "If, fellow explorers and geographers, my humble fabric, together with that of my faithful hound, should perish in the vast continent we are about to explore, weep not for us—we are only doing our duty. If that be our fate, be good enough to inscribe, in bold letters, on my memorial tablets, in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, the following simple inscription: 'Commencing with the HALF-HOLIDAY' for August 14th, 1888, cut out the first paragraph in 'ALLY-CAMPANE' from each week's paper, and keep them by you until January 26th, 1889, when you will have twenty-six in your possession. Then put the twenty-six cuttings, with your name and address, to 'Sloper's £500 Competition.' THE SLOPERIES, 93 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C., and look in the Number for February 2nd, 1889, for the name and address of the lucky winner. Don't on any account post any of the cuttings until you have the twenty-six—that is, one from each week's 'HALF-HOLIDAY,' commencing August 14th, 1888, and ending January 26th, 1889."

THERE was quite a gathering of Russian Grand Dukes and German Princes intermarried with the Imperial family of Russia at Biarritz. The gentlemen all went to the bull fights at San Sebastian. One of their chief amusements was going to see fencing matches, which the ladies of the fashionable world attend also—in fact, hundreds of them could be seen daily driving thither in natty little dog-carts, attended only by a pert young "tiger." Professional fencers and civilians who were proficient in the art of self-defence with the foils took part in these tournaments. What a happy life Grand Dukes lead, to be sure! It is good for the surgeons, at any rate.

Two Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul recently captivated the Sultan. A Mussulman had been condemned to die. The Sisters were intensely moved by the distress of his eight young children. So they decided to visit Abdul Hamid. He received them with smiles, listened to their sweet prayers, and sent them to the prison so that they might release the condemned man with their own hands. He also gave them a pressing invitation to his palace, telling them they would be always welcome. This pretty story is, of course, Yankee.

THE five amateur batsmen with the highest average scores at cricket during the past season are all teetotalers. They are—W. W. Read, W. G. Grace, W. H. Patterson, T. C. O'Brien, and J. Eccles.

JOHN SMITH is an exceedingly singular fellow. Although his name is common, his ideas are not. He thought fit to answer a charge of stealing a woman's apron by appearing in court attired in a woman's garb. Strange to say, this humour on his part did not prevent his being committed for trial.

At Wimborne Police Court recently, a gentlemanly looking, elderly man, who was accepted as a surety in a certain case heard, startled the Court and made the magistrates' clerk scratch his head sorrowfully, by delivering himself of the following names:—Henry John James William Francis Augustus Cornelius Wilson Jeffrey: "What's in a name?" we hear some people say. A lot, for Henry John, &c., could boast of being a man of letters, possessing, as he did, 38 in his name.

A DUEL has taken place in Austria between Count Sternberg and Count Andor Szecheni. Although two shots were fired on either side neither duellist showed the slightest wound. Recent statistics show that duelling has passed out of fashion in Austria-Hungary, owing, no doubt, to it being no longer confined to the nobility, for, as a well-known Hungarian duellist said, "Our billiard-markers, shoeblacks, and barbers have of late years discovered that they also have an honour to defend."

EMANCIPATED woman is asserting herself all along the line. In Belgium on the first day after the Long Vacation Marie Popelin will demand that the oath shall be administered to her so that she may be able to practise at the Bar. Middle Popelin, who is already a Doctor of Laws, is described as a tall, elegant young woman, about thirty years of age. It is stated that in private she is very infatigable, and takes great pains in her toilet.

THERE was a rare old gathering of Foresters at Lushy's Music Hall on Sept. 25th, to meet ALLY and the Family, who had been specially invited to be present at the benefit of Mr. Blackburn, A.O.F. Chirgwin the White-eyed, and the Eminent then and there decided to start a society in opposition to the Ancient Order of Foresters. Their show will also be A.O.F., but the meaning will be slightly different, viz.—Ancient Order of Foolers. It promises to be a giant success.

A THEATRE on Staten Island, New York, was crowded the other night almost to suffocation. And no wonder. The piece de resistance was the marriage of four young ballet ladies to supernumeraries. The marriage took place on the stage.

WILLIAM SAYCE was the subject of an inquest at Guy's Hospital, the other day. The landlord of the "Ship and Shovel" public-house said Sayce was having some refreshment in his house, when he suddenly threw up his arms and fell down, just as he was about to drink a glass of gin. The house physician stated that the man died from heart disease. He had an enormously large heart, weighing over 18oz.

AN English traveller on the continent makes his moan in a contemporary on the stolid stupidity of Turkish officials. He was travelling to Constantinople. Upon arriving at the Turkish frontier the assish officials confiscated his "Bradshaw" on the ground that it might contain statements prejudicial to the Government.

It is now becoming the fashion for the West-end theatres to invite ALLY and the Sloper Family to honour them with their august presence. On the evening of Friday, Sept. 28th, three private boxes at the Princess's Theatre were knocked into one by kind Mr. W. W. Kelly, the manager, so as to accommodate the illustrious visitors. Probably many of ALLY's readers and friends have seen *The Still Alarm*, with its many sensational effects. To those who haven't, SLOPER's advice is—Go at once. It is a highly interesting piece throughout, and, in the humble opinion of the Friend of Man, the acting of Miss Grace Hawthorne, as Elinore Fordham; Miss Fannie Leslie, as Carrie Wilbur; Mr. E. W. Garden, as Willie Manley; and Mr. Harry Lacy, as Jack Manley, is everything that could be desired. Tootsie says Jack Manley's dog is awfully sweet, and she wants to introduce it to Snatcher and Toddlies, who are getting big bow-wows now.

THE hansom cabs introduced into St. Louis have not proved a success. People are afraid of being "chucked" out.

If rumour can be believed, the Rev. H. L. Paget is a very lucky young man. But a short time ago he was a curate, then he was vicar of St. Ives, ere another year had passed he was vicar of New St. Pancras; and now he is to be the new vicar of Leeds. And Leeds has been aptly styled "the half-way house to a deanery, perhaps a bishopric!"

THE Spa Beauty Competition caused great excitement in that town, and many of the competitors are still staying there. It is said that several "books" were made by the Parisian sporting people over the competition, and that four to one was offered against the "Beautiful Fatma" by wary wights who knew that she was "scratched" and would not "run." On the other hand, a gentleman here was bold enough to "back the winner," who is a Mademoiselle Soucarès, of Guadeloupe, even before she was nominated.

AN attempt was recently made to blow up the waiters' registry office, near the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, with dynamite. The strength of the explosion blew a hole in the building near the door, shattering the first step, the flying stones going straight through the front of a shop opposite, near which was afterwards found a piece of copper tube, which, no doubt, belonged to the engine of destruction used. The windows of the shops near were broken.

CAN a man be a lodger in his wife's house? This was the question submitted yesterday to a Revising Barrister at Thorne. Now we, for ourselves, should reply in the negative. Why, does it not give a sort of spiciness to marriage for the wife to elope with the lodger? It would hardly answer if that lodger proved to be the husband.

THE China papers report a case of a prisoner being beheld after death. He was a noted salt smuggler, and was concerned in a terrible fight in the neighbourhood of Shanghai with the Customs officers. After a desperate resistance he was captured, though in a badly wounded condition, and died in prison soon after. But as he had been a villainous smuggler, the magistrate received orders from the superior authorities that the corpse was to be decapitated. This was soon after done, amidst great rejoicings.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 20TH, 1888

14th October, 1644.—William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was born on Tower Hill on this day. The house where his father, the admiral, lived, was on the East side, within a court adjoining London Wall. Penn, in one of his works, states that "the Lord first appeared to him about the twelfth year of his age, and that between that and the fifteenth the Lord visited him and gave him divine impressions of himself." In old age this good and wise man fell into difficulties, and actually had to mortgage the province of Pennsylvania for £6,600. He died at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, 1718.

14th October, 1888.—In a book, printed in 1687, we learn that the 11th of October was a lucky day for the princes of England. On it William the Conqueror won the crown; Edward III. landed; and James II. was born.

15th October, 1651.—He was not very "merry," this particular day, when, disguised as a footman, dusty and travel-stained Charles II. took shelter with a few of his followers at a small tavern called the "George," in West Street, Brightonstone (now called "King Charles II.'s Head," Brighton). It was kept by one Smith, who easily recognised his royal guest, but loyally kept the secret; and next morning the future king was, at Shoreham, smuggled on board a coal-brig, owned by brave Captain Nicholas Tetterell, and safely landed a day later at Fécamp, in France. The last of the Tetterells, by-the-way, would appear to have been one Gabriel, better known as the "Doctor," a bathing man, who was drowned in 1806.

15th October, 1779.—A Liverpool newspaper of this date contained the following advertisement:—"To be sold by auction, at George Dunbar's office, on Thursday next, the 21st inst., at one o'clock, a black boy, about fourteen years old, and a large mountain tiger cat."

15th October, 1883.—The magnificent new Palace of Justice, in Brussels, was this day opened by the king. The dome of this fine building is constructed of papier-mâché, and weighs about sixteen tons.

16th October, 1771.—Five convicts were this day executed at Tyburn, one of them being a woman. In 1773 a woman was torn to pieces by wild cats as a punishment for infanticide. The culprit was named Louise Mabree, a midwife in Paris; the corpses of no less than sixty-two infants were found in and about her house. She was sentenced to be shut up in an iron cage with sixteen wild cats, and suspended over a slow fire. When the cats became infuriated with heat and pain, they turned their rage upon her, and after thirty-five minutes of the most horrible suffering, put an end to her existence, the whole of the cats dying at the same time, or within two minutes after.

16th October, 1860.—The whole libretto of Macfarren's opera, *Robin Hood* (four and a half columns), was inserted as an advertisement in this day's *Times*. The earliest known advertisement is contained in a newspaper, entitled *Perfect Occurrences of Every Date*, 26th March to 2nd April, 1617. Advertising was, at one time a great nuisance, were prohibited in 1853.

16th October, 1326.—The citizens of London this day seized the Tower, and liberated its prisoners.

17th October, 1714.—John Bridmore and Anne Selwood were married this day at Chiltern All Saints, Wilts. The woman was married in her smock, without any clothes or head-gear on. This was done from the vulgar error that a man is not liable for his wife's debts if he makes it patent to all the world, by marrying her with nothing on except her shift, that she brings no personal estate. At Whitehaven a wedding was celebrated under the same circumstances, and there are several other instances on record.

17th October, 1172.—"King Henry II. landed in Ireland this year on St. Luke's Eve, at a place in the Bay of Waterford, beyond the Fort of Duncannon, on Munster syde, at a place called Ye Crook, over against the tower of Ye Hook, whence arose the proverb to gayne a thing by Hook or by Crook, it being safe to gayne land in one of those places, when the wind drives from the other," &c.—*Annals of the Brehon*.

17th October, 1662.—Charles II. this day sold the town of Dunkirk, in France, to the French for £50,000. The sum was placed in the king's pocket.

18th October, 1865.—Lord Palmerston, who died this day aged eighty-two, when Minister for Foreign Affairs, was once compelled to administer a sharp reprimand to one of Her Majesty's Foreign Office messengers, who, while going to and fro with despatches, had been guilty of some sin of omission or commission. "And that, Captain," observed his lordship at the conclusion of a somewhat prolonged "wiggling," "accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut." "Yes, my lord," replied the unabashed messenger, "but not for the hair outside." The death of Palmerston caused a fall of 3 per cent in consols.

18th October, 1770.—John Manners, Marquis of Granby, died this day at Scarborough. At one time the Marquis resided at Kensington Gore, and the cavalry jack-boots that he wore at Minden hung under the colonnades at the entrance to his house. They could be seen from the top of the stage-coach as it was driven by.

19th October, 1781.—On this day, the morning after the battle of Yorktown, a soldier was brought into the hospital who had been shot in the knee. It was found necessary to amputate the limb, and the surgeon ordered the nurses to bind the man fast, preparatory to the operation. "Never!" protested the soldier, "you may tear my heart from my breast, but you shall not bind me! Can you get me a fiddle?" His request was complied with, and he proceeded to tune the instrument, after which he said, "So, doctor, now you can begin," and he played during the whole of the operation, which lasted forty minutes, without uttering a single false note, or disturbing his features in the slightest.

19th October, 1741.—This day Garrick made his first public appearance as an actor at the Goodman's Fields Theatre, in the popular character of Richard III. "This theatre," says Cunningham, "was pulled down about 1746." A second theatre was burnt down in 1802. Goodman's Fields were originally part of a farm belonging to the Abbey of the nuns of St. Clair.

20th October, 1759.—In Goldsmith's work, "The Bee," of this date, is the following:—"I think, with some show of reason, that he who best knows how to conceal his necessity and desires is the most likely person to find redress, and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them." The bitter satire contained in the phrase (usually written "la parole a été donnée a l'homme pour déguiser sa parole") has probably been attributed to Talleyrand on no better grounds than that it harmonized so exactly with his character and his actions.

20th October, 1879.—The reading-room and other parts of the British Museum were first lighted this day by means of the electric light.

20th October, 1812.—Grace Darling, the heroine of the Longstone Lighthouse, died this day at Bamborough, aged twenty-five.

ALLY SLOPER'S
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

MY BELINDA.



My Belinda laughs at me,
Naught I can say can move her;
She is irresistible
In her dress improver.
I pay to thin my flowing locks
A military lopper;
My Belinda cuts her hair
Like a county-cropper.
Once I loved a cigarette
Which I do no longer;
My Belinda smokes cigars
Infinitely stronger.
Once I wore a chimney-pot
Such as "swells" admire;
My Belinda has a hat
Many inches higher.
Buttons two upon my gloves
I esteemed as plenty;
My Belinda likes to sport
Buttons four-and-twenty.
Once I had a walking-stick
Three feet long, or smaller;
My Belinda's *en-tout-cas*
Measures two feet taller.
My Belinda's parasol
Makes me dread to meet her;
Such a bludgeon must be meant
As a husband beater.

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT.

"The Slopier,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," October 13th, 1888

Name

Address

Want*

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

89th WEEK.

RESULT OF SEPTEMBER 29th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. CORA WEBB, Millican Road, Aylestone Park, LEICESTER.

A LADY'S HAND-BAG.

2. HENRY SMITH HEASMAN, Market Place, ROMFORD.

A GUN-CASE.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the advertisements inserted. Advertisements already received, which do not appear below, will be inserted as soon as space admits. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A LADY, 5ft. 2 inches in height, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes, desires to correspond with a well educated gentleman, with view to matrimony. She is thoroughly domesticated, of a gentle and loving disposition, and would make a good wife to a suitable husband. No objection to go abroad. Kindly send photo, and address—"BOYA FIDE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopieries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

GENTLEMAN, 25, holding good position worth £500 a year, wishes to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony. Good looks and disposition only qualifications required. Address with photo (confidential and to be returned), "ARTHUR Y," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopieries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A JOLLY GIRL, with no fortune or any expectations, would like to correspond with a young man, with a view to matrimony. Advertiser is fair complexioned, very good looking, very lively, and good tempered. Height, 5ft. 4in. The young man must not be under 5ft. 6 inches in height, and passably good looking. Please enclose photo, and address—"ROSE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopieries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 22, tall (5ft. 11in.), fair, good tempered, and in a comfortable berth, wishes to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony. Must be tall, dark, and with means preferable. Please address, enclosing photo (which will be returned), "HENRIQUE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopieries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A PRETTY DOMESTIC, aged 20, medium height, dark hair and eyes, very good tempered and affectionate, considered good looking, would make a careful and loving wife, would like to correspond with a steady young man, with view to matrimony. Must be musical and of a loving disposition, aged about 22. Address, with photo, which will be returned, "ADA," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopieries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.



EDITH (aged 24).

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

* In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter-Box, and he therefore incites correspondence on all subjects.

181 CAMDEN ROAD, N.W., September 24th, 1888.

DEAR OLD CHUM,—Many thanks for my character, which I received quite safely this evening. You are a very complimentary old chap, but there, you always were, and always will be I suppose. I hope to gain one of your watches one day. I have been trying some time, but they say, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," and that's what I'm going to do. Now, Dear ALLY, I advise you to do the same thing, especially with the umbrella feat, which you did very prettily at Hastings. If I were you I should try it again, and when you have got it to perfection you can exhibit your "real" self at Alexandra Palace. I am going to see your statue next week. I hope they have made your rosebud nose to perfection, or it will spoil the fun of the fair. With fond love and kisses, I am, Dear ALLY, your faithful friend, LIZZY KNOWLES.

SURREY PALACE, BARNSELEY, Wednesday, September 26th, 1888.

DEAR HANDSOME ALLY,—I am just writing you a short letter this time. I have looked every night in the private boxes of the "Surrey," but could never catch sight of your famous "landmark." I thought you might have been during the daytime, for I discovered an empty bottle in one of the dressing-rooms, and felt certain it belonged to you, but on making inquiries no one seemed to have seen you knocking about anywhere. If you don't think you can manage to get over this week, you can send the Watch and "Award of Merit" on by Parcels Post. You might get a terrific living in the winter time, when the weather is very foggy, by letting yourself out on board ship to stand on the bridge and blow your nose to warn other vessels of your approach. There would be less collisions in the Channel if every captain possessed such a famous nasal organ as yourself. But allow me to conclude by saying that your portrait has fairly taken the Barnsleyites by storm, who have voted your humble servant the prince of paper spoilers. So, wishing you every success, and hoping to see you with my Watch and "Award of Merit" on you, I remain, yours devotedly (until defunct), WALTER WESTWOOD (Lightning Cartoonist, etc.).

28 HEREFORD ROAD, BAYSWATER, LONDON, W.,

September 27th, 1888.

DEAR OLD ALLY,—Many thanks for your letter, telling my character, which I received quite safe and sound in wind and limb last evening. It is quite correct, the last paragraph especially. I was thinking that you had forgotten me, but then I know, dear old gin-shifter, that as you are the F.O.M., you couldn't be guilty of such an act. What a splendid show you and the "Family" made at Covent Garden the other evening! It was the first time that I have had the chance of viewing your prominent feature. But by the way, old boy, you seemed rather dry. Were you short of your much-beloved gargle? Glad to see the Twins are growing so much like your Eminence; they'll be regular little Slopierians. I think that it is about time I shut up, so, hoping that your "better-half" has recovered from the "bang of the head" that you gave her with your small-sized parasol (by accident, of course, dear ALLY), and that Alec and the adorable Tootsie are all serene, I am, dear old gin-lowerer, Yours for ever, GEORGE A. E. OWEN.

"PRIDE OF THE OCEAN" FISHING SMACK R212, RAMSGATE,

September 27th, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND ALLY SLOPER,—I don't know whether you have been crossing the North Sea recently or not, but the other morning we hove up our trawl; and when I let go the cod-end line, what should drop out but what we all thought was your poor old nose! We should have saved it and brought it in, only it was in such a horrible condition; so we thought it best to throw it overboard again. It had such a peculiar smell of a certain sort of spirits, that we had to go and lay with our heads over the vessel's bulwarks. Dear SLOPER, if you wish to cross the sea again, we will give you a passage, and see that you come to no harm next time. Trusting the "Family" is well, yours faithfully, SKIPPER.

NEWBRIDGE, September 28th, 1888.

MY JOLLY OLD BACCHANAL,—Tis with great joy and much pleasure that we receive weekly a copy of your most delightful and particularly jolly paper. We were very much pleased indeed with the very accurate and pleasing account given in a previous issue of the good old village where we came from. Many thanks for the same dear old tippler.

By-the-by, what takes our evil eye is the sketch of "Ye Fair Ladye," at the heading of "Tootsie's Agency." They are admired by all over here in this out-of-the-way spot of the Emerald Isle. How's Snatcher after his fearful struggle with one of the darling twins at Whitty? We sincerely hope he is not sick again. After you for a drink from the "Old Falernian Flask," and don't forget to turn your head till operations are finished. Trusting this beautiful (?) epistle of ours will not be considered an insult to your lordship, and hoping Tootsie and all the "Family" are well, we beg to remain, yours devotedly, J. AND H. DUNDERHEAD.

P.S.—We thought of sending our photos, but were afraid they might stop the clock or make the children ill.

AN AUTUMN GROWL.

Oh! time for coming back to town,
When earth and air are smoky brown,
And soots are flying;
Fresh from the mountains or the sea,
To breathe this dismal density
Is very trying.

To come from scented country air,
And sunshine dancing here and there
Upon the river,
Home to the winter rain and snow,
And freezing gloom when east winds blow;
It makes me shiver!

No more to see the mountain view
Fade in the distance dimly blue
O'er purple heather;
Here ugly houses in the street,
Here filthy mud beneath one's feet,
All black together.

Don't tell me what some painters cry,
"Look at this weirdly misty sky
In which we revel!"
I'd send the beastly soot and smoke,
A mixture which would make him choke,
Straight to the —!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHERE is the rime on the ground?—Where it is found, to be sure.

A PROPER GAME (A GOOD ONE).—Sending dear Mo. a hamper of partridges (carriage paid, and no larks).

TO YOUNG LADIES.—There are some gipsy bonnets not worth a straw—foundation. ALLY thinks you had better "wire in," my dears.

SPORTING.—An Irish horse-trainer has just christened one of his stud "The Top o' the Morning." They say it's a roarer.

WHY didn't a dog want a place in the ark?—Because he had a barque of his own.

WHY is the root of the tongue like a dejected man?—Because it is down in the mouth.

MRS. DANDO'S DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND.

A DOMESTIC CHRONICLE OF SIN AND SORROW.

RELATED BY MRS. DANDO.

(Continued.)

MR. TOMLINSON is very partial to things in tins, and we have been having several tins of different kinds, which, if they didn't all taste



The marmalade.

so much alike, and so much unlike what they're called on the label, would be agreeable relishes for the tea-table. Mr. Tomlinson, though, says that's prejudice, and I am trying my hardest to overcome so unworthy a feeling. Mr. Dando (upstairs) says, "Ghastly stuff!" We have also been going in rather heavily for marmalade. Mr. Tomlinson says that it's a substitute for butter, and though I don't quite like it by itself on dry bread, I don't like saying so, for Mr. Tomlinson says we ought to economize. Besides, one great point about the marmalade Mr. Tomlinson buys is, that, instead of a pot, it is sold in a cup and saucer, or a milk-jug, or a slop-basin, or something of that kind; and Mr. Tomlinson says, in the course of a week or two, we shall be able to make up a breakfast-service without any trouble. We've got over the milk-jug, slop-basin, and two cups and, thank goodness, four more cups will complete the set. Mr. Dando (upstairs) says he will never be able to look at the milk-jug without a shudder.

We shall, I have no doubt, be even more comfortable when all the furniture comes. As it is, we are rather short of bedsteads, and rather overstocked with dining-room tables, in consequence of a misunderstanding, by which Matilda and I went the same day to two different sale-rooms in the West-end and bought a dining-room table at each, whilst Mr. Tomlinson, who had no idea what we were about, was buying another dining-room table at a third sale-room in the City.

To day, however, a vanload of goods is to arrive, and a person Mr. Tomlinson occasionally employs in the City, and is known by the name of Handy Jack, is to hire a van and bring them home, by which plan Mr. Tomlinson has found out we shall save several shillings.

I must say I have been much impressed by Handy Jack's extreme handiness upon previous occasions. He is one of those who have no occasion to wait until you have finished a sentence, before he knows all you want of him. However, I won't deny that he is willing, though a little worrisome.

I suggest, diffidently, to Mr. Tomlinson that perhaps I might as well see the things put into the van at the sale-rooms, and see them safely on their way; but Mr. Tomlinson says, "Good gracious me! Mrs. Dando, stay where you are; you would be more hindrance than help!" I think this a little unkind of Mr. Tomlinson, and go upstairs and have a good cry with Matilda as soon as Mr. Tomlinson has gone out; and afterwards, I very quietly pop on my cloak and bonnet, and take the bus up to Oxford Street, without saying a word to anyone, and superintend from a safe distance, where Handy Jack won't see me.

I just get there in time to find Handy Jack and a friend of his bringing out a bedstead. There is a good wide entrance to the sale-rooms, but Handy Jack and his friend don't get the bedstead out

without half-a-dozen bumps, and a chest of drawers which follows gets half-a-dozen more, and an odd one in. The consequence is that I am much excited, and telegraph frantically from the far distance to Handy Jack to be more careful, so that a passing omnibus conductor thinks I want to go to Whitechapel Church, and abuses me dreadfully when I say I don't.

Thank goodness, though, the van is loaded at last. There is a what-not with one leg off, and a cheffonier with a crack in its back; but, anyhow, everything is in the van, and— Handy Jack and his friend have gone into a public-house, a few doors off, to get some refreshment. Half-an-hour has elapsed. Handy Jack and his friend have come out of the public-house again, smoking their pipes, and the van is on the move. (To be continued next week.)

I pop on my cloak and bonnet.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 48.—MR. HARRY NICHOLLS, F.O.S.

"Some of our readers, in their nightly crawls round London, may have heard the name of Harry Nicholls wafted on the gentle evening breeze. Others there are that may be entirely ignorant of his existence, but, for the benefit of all we will commence by saying that our hero is the son of Old Harry—we don't mean the person that some people are fond of alluding to, but Harry, surnamed Nicholls. Young Harry, when still of a very tender age, showed such a great fondness for the sea, that he was apprenticed to a pirate, when he almost immediately became noted as a desperado of the deepest dye (NOTE.—Julson's is the best).—Indeed, it was stated on good authority that even a glance from his flashing eye meant sudden death to an enemy. At last, when the brave Nicholls had reached the position of vice-admiral to the combined pirate fleets, he was captured by a captain of the English Royal Navy (supposed to be Augustus Harris), who immediately yard-armed him. While suspended in mid-air, the brave fellow made such comic grimaces, that the captain ordered him to be cut down. The captain and Harry became inseparable after this trifling incident, and it is said that with the assistance of their seafaring knowledge they have concocted a play, entitled *The Armada*. Chiefly because he is the son of Old Nicholls, Harry was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, January 16th, 1888."—*Debrett improved.*



His Better Half. Really, Mr. Noddy, the girl's face will remain upright, without you putting your finger under her chin. [Poor Noddy! In his playfulness he had momentarily forgotten his wife's presence.]



Fair One. Well, really, it's not at all a bad idea on my part to have kept an album of photos of my rejected lovers. It amuses one so much to scan their dear stupid old faces once more, and to bring back to mind their last despairing scowl as they banged the front door to!



Magistrate. Gaffer, look at the palms of that man's hands. Is he used to hard labour? *Puncher (apologetically).* See 'ere, guv'nor, I'm a perfunctory prize-fighter, and I've got 'em all on my knuckles.

HAD HIM THERE!



Alice (standing up). Why, what an awfully weak-minded milkop you must be, Mr. Wethered!

Wethered. By Jove! that's complimentary, at any rate. But why so?

Alice (laughingly). To allow yourself to be "sat on" by a female, of course!

[*"Rather knocked a fellow, though," said Wethered, afterwards, to an intimate friend.*]



"ONE MAN'S MEAT," ETC.

Sporting Parson (seeing foxhounds outside). Lookee here, my dears, will it signify much to 'e if I marry you two-to-morrow? I'll do it for nothing for 'e then. Yoicks! Yoicks! Hark forward! Tantivy! [*Exit pell mell.*]



CLEAN AND STY-LISH.

Lady. Gracious me! Mike, Mr. Samson has fallen into that dirty pig-sty. *Mike.* Shure, Miss, and is it dirty you mane? Be aisy wid yo. You're entorely wrong; for, bedad, you'll find pigs' wash in there!

MISADVENTURES OF THE HUNTING FIELD.



* NOTES ON THE PURSUIT OF WILD ANIMALS FOR SPORT.

The animals chiefly hunted in Great Britain are the red deer, the fallow deer, the roebuck, the fox, the hare, and the otter. Lodging-house keepers might be able to tell us of a variety of other creatures that are hunted, but let us flee from this aspect of the subject.

Before a man goes out a-hunting, he really ought to study the musical cries that are in vogue during the chase, lest he find himself entirely out of the hunt. Many very charming music-hall artists of sportive natures are open to teach the art of

trilling "Yoicks!" "Hark forward!" "Tally-ho!" etc., in three easy lessons at one guinea.

Of course, accidents are frequent in the hunting field. We remember a red-faced fox-hunter who was picked up as lifeless, but his doctor bound him up with bandages soaked in hot whisky, and gave a furious view-halloo in his right ear. This drastic treatment roused him for the time, yet by nightfall he was dead—yes, verily, dead drunk.